WAVES

"To the One who'll never know"

By

K A T H A N I K A

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"I fell for you like a rose petal in the breeze"

WAVES

They say the sea knows when to stop.
That the waves reach the shore,
whisper "enough," and fade away
But I have never believed that.
Because just like the sea,
I keep coming back to you.
Again and again—wave after wave of
feelings that crash inside me,
but never reach your heart.
You are my shore.
Still. Calm. Unmoved.
And I am the tide that keeps returning,
not to be noticed,
but because I cannot stop.
I do not ask you to turn around.
I do not beg you to see me.
I simply exist in this rhythm,
loving you like the ocean loves the
land—
hopelessly, endlessly, and without
asking for anything in return

A FIRST LIGHT

I never thought we'd become friends
when I first saw you, in a crowd full of
blurred faces, voices, and hurried
footsteps. Everyone was buried in
tasks, lost in their own worlds and then
there was you. I didn't know your
name or your story; all I had was a
glance and a thought I now regret:
"She must be one of those girls cold,
proud, unreachable." Funny how
wrong first thoughts can be. We started
talking, just a little at first small things,
shared spaces, casual hellos. And
slowly, you began to unfold before me
not like someone trying to impress, but
like a quiet truth that didn't need to
prove itself. You weren't rude or
distant; you were soft-spoken, kind,
and thoughtful the kind of person
whose goodness doesn't need to be
loud but is felt in the silence between

words. My assumptions began to fall away, one by one, and in their place, I saw someone worth admiring not for how you looked or acted, but for the gentle heart you carried in a world that often forgets how to be kind. You weren't just another girl in the crowd anymore you became the one around whom the crowd simply disappeared. And when I truly got to know you, I realized something even deeper you were the kind of character people should be inspired by, not just for what you did, but for the quiet strength and kindness in who you are.

Hello, dear reader. This is the first time I'm writing anything like this. I've never been someone who reads a lot or dreams of writing books but something, or rather someone, changed that. Maybe by the time you reach the end of these pages, you'll understand why. I've always wished for a friend who could care for me with the warmth of a mother not through big gestures, but in quiet, unspoken ways. And she… she became that friend. Even when she said nothing, even when we just sat in silence, something about her made the world feel gentler. Just seeing her face brought peace, like everything would be okay. She didn't need to prove her kindness it was simply who she was. That's why, to me, she wasn't just a friend. She was *Devathe* a goddess in the way she made me feel safe, cared for, and quietly understood

"*You don't even try, and yet you calm every storm inside me.*"

When everything felt heavy, her presence felt like a pause, like the world finally remembered how to breathe. She never needed to solve my problems or offer advice she just had to be there. A glance from her could silence a hundred anxious thoughts. Her voice, even in the simplest conversations, felt like warmth slipping through the cracks of my coldest days. It amazed me how someone could hold so much power to heal, without even knowing they were doing it. And maybe that's what love really is… not loud, not demanding just a gentle presence that turns chaos into calm. She was that for me. My *Devathe*. My peace.

She didn't share much about her life with me, and I never asked her directly. Maybe I was afraid to touch something

so silent, so sacred. But I knew deep inside me I knew she was strong. Not the loud kind of strong, but the soft kind. She reminded me of a flower not the kind that demands attention, but the one that grows quietly in a corner, beautiful without even trying. If she were a flower, she'd be a jasmine gentle, pure, with a presence that lingers even after she's gone. Her smile… it wasn't loud either. It was the kind that made you feel like morning had finally arrived. That soft, decent smile of hers was enough to pull me out of the darkest thoughts, like sunlight slowly touching your skin after a long night. And her forehead how strange that something so simple could be so captivating. It wasn't just her features, but the stillness, the grace, the innocence etched into every part of her that made even silence feel like poetry. Loving her was like living inside a poem I never meant to write, but

somehow knew by heart. Every glance, every moment spent near her felt like a verse quiet, delicate, and full of meaning. She didn't have to do anything extraordinary; her very existence carried the rhythm of something timeless. Just being around her made ordinary moments feel profound. Her voice was a soft rhyme that lingered, her presence a stanza I never wanted to end. And though she may never read the pages of my heart, I keep writing her in every line because loving her isn't just a feeling. It's a language. A melody. A kind of poetry I was born to speak.

We were walking just you and me. The world felt quiet, like it paused just to give us this moment. You began to speak, slowly at first, and I listened carefully. You shared the little joys, the laughter, the bright pieces of your life that made your eyes light up. But I

wasn't just there for the good parts. I wanted to know everything. So you told me about your darkest night the pain you hide behind your smile, the weight you've carried in silence, the tears no one saw. You let me in, and I didn't say much. I just held every word like it mattered, because it did.

We kept walking, side by side, through streets that seemed endless and calm. And when we reached a place that felt warm, where love lived quietly without needing to be loud, I looked at you and made a promise I would carry your sadness as if it were mine. I would guard your smile like something sacred. Maybe for you, it was just a walk. But for me, it was everything a chance to finally show you how deeply I care.

The moment faded.

The sound of your voice, the warmth beside me, the gentle weight of your presence gone. The world, once soft and full of you, collapsed into stillness. Cold, quiet, empty.

You were never really there.

What felt like truth was only a dream But the feeling stayed. And in that silence, I realized something I've never said aloud I'm still in love with you. Even after all this time. Even though you never knew.

How kind you are… I've never seen anyone carry such softness in a world that often forgets to be gentle. When you speak, your voice echoes like a bird's song at dawn light, soothing, and full of life. Listening to you feels like angels are singing somewhere in a place I'll never reach but your voice brings that heaven to me. In fact, while

writing about your kindness, I got lost in the sound of your voice and forgot what I was even trying to say. That's the kind of spell you cast without even knowing. And your heart… it's made of something rare. If a miscreant, broken by the world, came to you, you'd still offer help. If a venomous snake ever asked for your warmth, you'd hold it, knowing it might bite but offering love anyway. You are like the gentlest creature in nature the kind that heals everything it touches, even if it means hurting itself in return. That's why I call you *Devathe* not just for the way you look, but for the divine kindness you carry inside

Again, I talk about your voice I just can't stop. Even while writing this, your voice echoes in my ears. Wow, how pleasant it is to hear your voice. My mind bathes in it. I just want to be

lost in your voice. A bird singing in spring is overrated compared to your voice blushing at how your voice outshines even natures finest symphony

Why bird?
It reminds me of the morning birds the way they sing not to be heard, but simply because it's in their nature to bring peace. Her voice is like that. Not loud. Not seeking attention. But still, it stays with you. Even after the words are gone, the feeling remains like the echo of wind chimes in the distance, or the memory of a lullaby your heart somehow still remembers.

Sometimes I think her voice is made of sunlight warm and soft, never burning. Or maybe moonlight gentle, glowing, pulling the tides of my emotions without ever trying. When she laughs, it's like petals opening in spring. When

she says my name, it feels like a prayer
I didn't know I needed to hear.

There's kindness in her voice. The kind
that makes you believe in good things
again. It carries no pride, no anger, no
weight. Only warmth, like hands
cupping your face when you're tired of
the world.

If her voice had a color, it would be the
gold of early morning. If it were a
place, it would be the edge of a quiet
lake where the sky touches the water. If
it were a song, it would be the one you
never want to end and maybe that's
why I never get tired of hearing her.
Because every time she speaks, she
reminds me that beauty doesn't have to
be loud. That healing doesn't always
need words.
She doesn't know it.
But her voice is the most beautiful
thing I've ever heard.

There were days when I didn't need answers, only the sound of her voice. It was enough. Like rain tapping softly on a rooftop, it calmed every storm inside me without needing to fix anything. I could close my eyes and simply listen because her voice didn't just speak to my ears, it spoke to something deeper. It made my fears quieter. My thoughts slower. My heart, lighter. In a world that often shouts to be heard, she whispered and somehow, that whisper became the loudest thing in my soul.

Her eye was the jewel of her face a gem so rare it didn't shine to be seen, but to be felt. And that jewel carried unspoken thoughts When she looked at me, it felt as if the earth had paused, just for a moment, to let me feel something ancient and pure. Her eyes didn't just see the world they carried it. They told stories without a single word,

stories of strength wrapped in softness, of kindness unshaken by chaos. To me, her eyes were not just beautiful they were a language. A place. A quiet universe I could fall into and never want to leave.

Loving you isn't loud. It's not fireworks or storms or grand declarations whispered beneath moonlight. Loving you feels more like breathing something I do without thinking, something that keeps me alive without ever needing permission. It's like the sunlight that filters gently through closed curtains in the early morning soft, quiet, and warm. It's like the ocean that keeps returning to the shore again and again, even though the shore never moves. I wait in silence just to hear your voice, and when you speak, the entire world softens. Your voice doesn't rise like thunder it floats like a feather, yet somehow carries the

weight of comfort I never knew I needed.

Loving you is like writing a poem in invisible ink one that only I can see, one that glows only under the warmth of my hope. There's a kind of ache in your beauty, the kind that doesn't ask for attention but steals my breath anyway. When you walk into a room, everything else disappears. Time slows, the air changes, and my world gently narrows to the shape of your presence. Your smile feels like a sunrise I wait for every single day even on days when the sky remains grey. And your eyes those calm, quiet lakes carry both storm and stillness. Looking into them feels like falling into something deeper than love. It feels like coming home.

To love you is to carry a thousand unsaid poems in my chest words I may never have the chance to say. It's

loving you in silence, without needing anything in return. It's like how flowers love the sun not because they can touch it, but because they grow toward it anyway. Loving you is joy and ache, beauty and bruise. And still, if given the chance, I would choose this love every single time. Because loving you is the only thing that has ever truly felt real.

"Your wrinkles of smile, Eye
Painted my body
With language of divine love
Your eyes were artist
And I was a paper
And that painted my soul and my body
With colours of love"

This poem is a piece of my feelings for you. I didn't write it just to fill a page. I carved each line like it was carved into my heart, word by word, shaped by the silence between us. It began with

something small so small, maybe you never noticed. A wrinkle in your smile. The way your eyes held something sacred. That was enough. That tiny moment, that little light, was all it took for love to begin blooming in me. And ever since then, it hasn't stopped. Oo my *Devathe* my goddess can you hear the beats of my feelings? They echo through every word I've written, in rhythms only you can understand. You didn't just enter my life you painted it. You made it poetry. You made it divine

Oo *Devathe* yes, she's right in front of my eyes. Aww, how pretty she looks! Oh God, how can the world hold something so beautiful?

There's a field full of sunflowers, and we're walking through it just the two of us. You're so happy, and watching you smile feels like the flowers themselves are blooming. Your joy is the sun they rise for.

But wait it's not just sunflowers. There are roses, lilies, marigolds… a whole sea of colors and scents. And yet, those flowers bow their heads quietly, as if wondering how someone can be more beautiful than them.

Yes, that's how pretty you are. And how lucky I am to be beside you.

We laughed. We shared little stories. You were talking about your day, your

eyes shining with life, and I… I was just staring. Staring at you, wondering how someone can be this beautiful.

In this whole world, there's only one Competitor to your beauty and that is your
character.

And just as I was lost in that perfect moment again it was Friday morning. Again, it was a dream.

But oh, what a dream. I'm so lucky, even if just for a moment, to have seen you like that. To have felt that warmth. That dreamy glimpse of you my *Devathe* will carry me through the rest of my day.

"*Eyes sparkle with a light of love*
With those eyes I saw the beauty of love
I dreamt of being with you
And I stayed in a moonlight

Your lashes had a sparkle of love

Are you a angel who fell to this world
In group of star you become a sparkling lotus
While admiring your beauty
This night has no end'

This is another carving of my heart—
etched in words, shaped by silence, and
offered gently to my *Devathe*

"Rhythm of your anklet
Glorifies the dance of the peacock.
Hearing your voice,
Even the koel bows its head.

Your lips are purified with roses,
Your smile makes flowers bloom in summer.
Your voice echoes under the moonlight.

Oo my Devathe,
I wait for you like the last wave that never
stops reaching the shore"

Each word felt short to it, to describe what I feel about you. Oo *devathe*, I think this is enough that I'm in love with you .This feeling… I never felt it before .I don't even know how to name it. But I know it lives inside me ,soft, burning, endless .As the days pass, the feeling for you only increases. Every second you're not here, I still feel closer to you .This feeling is a side of me I never knew existed .I was shocked…that if love ever found me, I'd act like this .So quiet, so lost in someone I barely talk to but deeply feel .I think this is love. I think this is life. I don't know how to flirt, I know I'm bad at conversations, But in silence, I write you. I write you in poems, I paint you in my imagination. You, Oo *devathe* ,are the art I could never finish

"I loved you like they worship God.
Your heart was heaven's place where I want to live.
If you're in my fate, how lucky I am…
Either way,
You always will be a goddess
Whom I will worship.
You are a lake of beauty."

I know if you're reading this, you already know how much I love you. I have been waiting for you like the moon waits for the night,
Like a sunflower turns to the sun,
Like the ocean waits for the shore to return with every tide,
Like the sky holds its breath for the first drop of rain,

"*When my mind bathes In a divine love*
Where are you?
Daily, I drown in the scent, sound, and sight of you,
In the colors of divine love.
Where are you?
Each sunrise, I bathe in the suffering of love.
Where are you?
Each sunset, I drift into a dream where you are mine…
Can you be mine even if only in a dream?"

How can I make you mine? Not in a selfish way but in a way that lets me love you with all that I have. In a way that lets me care for your joy, your tears, your dreams. I can't charm you with sweet words, but I can convert you to poems, to art, to a temple in my mind where I worship without needing an answer. Oo my *devathe*, I know you will never read the pages that I write for you. But still, I write them. Because maybe, just maybe, my love will reach

the stars and whisper your name through the wind. I want to hold your hand and never leave. Even in dreams, that's what I see you beside me, forever. I've dreamt of having a family with you, a home with laughter and peace, your presence being my every comfort. I loved you through every thick and thin. And even if you never knew, even if she never loved me back, this love will remain pure ,quiet, eternal.

I dream to live a life with you, But it stayed in a dream itself And never came into the light. You know that I'm still waiting, That this dream will come into light One day hopefully,I will live a life with you.

I will wait for you in this lifetime every moment, every breath, every heartbeat will echo your name. And if this life

ends before you turn to see me, I will carry this love across the veil of death, into another birth. I will wait again, wherever I'm born, with the same soul and the same love that never asked for anything in return except to be near you. If not in this life, then let it be the next. And if not even then, I will wait again… until the universe weeps and time forgets its own name. One day, in some lifetime, you will be mine ***only mine***.

Even if you never see my love,
I'll keep writing for you forever.